A briefe Summe of

The Treaſon intended againſt the King and State, when they ſhould haue been aſſembled in Parliament Nouemb 5. 1605.

Fit for to inſtruct the ſimple and ignorant herein, that they be not ſeduced any longer by Papiſts.

With a few other Meeters.

VVhich together with this Summe of the ſaid Treaſon: may well bee entituled,

The Smoke of Poperye at *Enborne* in *Barkeſhire: Anno* 1604.

The ſparkes of the ſame at *Allenſmore* in *Hereford-ſhire. Anno.* 1605.

The flame thereof intended at the Parliament houſe. *Nouember.* 5. 1605.

To all which were added certaine Songs and Ditties fit for the time to be ſung of all that are, or will bee found true hearted Subiects.

By *I.R.* Vizſeter for the Cittie.

The bloud-thirſty and deceitefull man ſhall not liue out halfe his daies. Pſal. 55. 35.

I labour for peace, but when I ſpeake vnto them thereof, they make them ready to Battaile. Pſal. 126. 6.

The ſecond time Printed, corrected, and amended.

LONDON

Printed by *E. Allde*, for *Ed. White*, and are to be ſolde neere the little North doore of S. Paules Church, at the Signe of the Gun. 1606.

A briefe Sũme of the Treaſon intended againſt the King and State, when they ſhould haue been aſſembled in Parliament. *Nouemb* 5. 1605. with certaine other Engliſh Meeters, which may be called: *A dying mans repentance*, or *a mourneful Song for Traytors to make vſe of now:* begun by one of Babingtons Conſpiracie.

HEare the verſes, which rehearſes,
briefely this:
Traytors plotforme, which ſhould reforme,
thinges amiſſe.
Firſt in *England*, then *in Scotland*,
with ſuch praiſe:
As ſhould make them, famous State-men,
all their daies.
Powder Barrels, muſt end quarrels,
for vs all:
King and Subiect, Lord and abiect,
greate and ſmall.
Band of proude *P P P*, of all degrees, *Popes,*
haue ſought ſtill: *Prieſtes &*
Engliſh *Brittanes*, vtter ruine, *Papiſts.*
by their skill.

But since *Adam*, none could fadom,
plots like this:
1605. Which *Nouember*, may remember,
to our blisse.
The printed Booke in Prose. Some good men say, that beyond Sea,
this began:
Fawkes and *Winter*, first did venter,
to goe on.
These came ouer, and won other,
to this action:
With many others after wards. *Piercy*, *Catesby*, *Wrights* and *Digby*,
12. in faction.
Gen. 4. Thus did *Thewdas*, *Caine*, and *Iudas*,
Mat. 26. vow and sweare:
Act. 5. Take their Sacrament, and all, to
worke this geare.
Prince of darknes, and hels blacknes,
was their leader.
Piercy Papist, masked *Atheist*,
banners spreader:
Iuggling *Iesuites*, with their false sleights,
many a one:
Like lewde Strumpets, and lowde Trumpets,
sets them on.
Thus resoluing, and reuoluing,
of their plot:
God and duety, to their Country,
was forgot.
Some resorted, and reported,
to the crew:
Of this wonder, and great thunder,
to ensue.

Some were *Py'nors*, vnder-mynors,
by conient:
Of the vpper house and Romes, of
Parliament.
Some hirde Vault-roome, and brought in soone,
Coales and Wood:
To lay ouer, all the Powder,
as it stood.
Traynes were spread, and Pipes of leade,
laide with match.
Barres and Wedges, Stones, and Sledges,
to dispatch.
Traytor *Stanly*, must leade manly,
Rebelles Stout:
Owin wyely, must bring slyly,
this about.
Proclamation, for a facion,
they had printed:
That *Puritane*, the State had slaine,
and Gods annointed.
This grose slaunder, as commaunder,
from the Deuill:
Should haue passed, and defaced,
good for euill.
But I wish still, euen with good will,
Papists were:
So conuerted, and true hearted,
as these are.
Then no question, but Religion,
still should flourish:
And no perrill, strife or quarrell,
wee should nourish.

[a] If he could by any meanes bring it so to passe.

But theſe killed, and Streetes filled,
with their blood:
Proteſtants, by *Papiſts* vants,
ſhould doe ſmall good.
Our Kings Daughter, ſhortly after,
ſhe ſhould raigne:
And ſo quiet, all this ryot,
ſoone againe.
But yet how long, without all wrong,
this young Queene,
Should be ſuffered, and not ſmothered,
is not ſeene.
Then beleeue them, you that ſhriue them,
for not I:
Will giue credit to this edict,
haſtily.
For, will Wolfe keepe, Lambe of that Sheepe,
he hath eate:
And not rather, ſoone deuoure her,
as his meate?
Yes belooued, this is prooued,
euery day:
Where the *Papiſt*, or the *Atheiſt*,
doe keepe ſway.
Gods moſte ſweete word, ſhould not be ſturd,
yet awhile:
Till to *Proteſtants*, and all they,
might giue foyle.
Oft returning, and reiourning,
Parliament:
Neuer moou'd them, as behoou'd them,
to repent.

They

They were careleſſe, bould and feareleſſe,
in this act:
Popes great Pardon, was their Guarden,
for this fact.
But theſe *Zimries*, that would ſurpriſe, 1. Kings. 16
and ſpoyle all: 9.
God forſakes them, and betakes them,
to their fall.
For when each thing, had it ſetling,
and day came:
God bewrayed them, and diſmaid them,
to their ſhame.
By a Letter, and no better,
without doubt:
To preſerue one, from this plotforme,
all came out.
King and Counſell, noted this well,
and did ſend:
twice to ſearch out, things then in doubt,
and their end.
Fawkes at midnight, and by Torch-light,
there was found:
With long matches, and deuiſes,
vnder ground.
Hauing foũd him, there they bound him
and then ſought:
For the *Powder* and prouiſion
in the vault.
This perceiued, *Fawkes* bereaued,
of his ſence:
Said the Deuill, did that euill, for
our defence.

Yea

Yea this dreamer, and blaſphemer,
Sathans ſonne:
Acts. 9. Elymas the Sorceror. Oft relented, & repented,
deede not done.
To the Court then, goe theſe glad men,
to declare:
All and each thing, to our good King,
they found there.
This laide open, band was broken,
of this traine:
And their gladneſſe, turn'd to madneſſe,
in the braine.
Some roade North-ward, ſome North-weſt-ward
there to ſhowe:
That their Treachery, and their butchery,
State did know.
Then like wilde-men, and moſt vilde-men:
in ſtrange facion:
They got *Armor*, *Shot* and *Powder*,
for commotion.
Horſe in Stable, ſtrong and able,
they ſtole out:
Thus the company, roade the Country,
all about.
In the meane time, this their foule crime,
was proclaimed:
And ſo *Papiſts*, with vilde *Atheiſts*,
made aſhamed.
Thus confounded, ſome were wounded,
as they fled:
Some are taken, all forſaken,
ſome are dead.

Musket-Bullet, leaden-pellet,
made them ſtand·
Powder drying, mard their flying,
out of hand.
Houſe end blowne out, ſome eyes burnt out,
they could ſay:
God offended, was reuenged,
there that day.
And thus ſpoyled, they were foyled,
in that place:
Dores ſet open, as a token,
of ſome grace.
Then to priſon, as good reaſon,
did require:
Sheriffe conuaide them, and ſo paide them,
parte of hire.
And in good time, they for this crime,
were ſent vp:
To the Counſell, for to drinke well,
of one cup.
Heads of *Catesby*, and of *Piercy*,
they were ſent:
And ſet on, the vpper houſe, of
Parliament.
Brauely plodding, yea and nodding,
each to other:
Thanking Pope, for Axe & Rope, deere
Roomiſh Brother.
Such a downefall to the Papall,
none aliue:
But theſe Traytors, and their waytors,
could contriue.

Note.

This foule faction, and vilde action,
will conuince:
Pope and *Popelings*, *Fryers* and *Shauelings*,
long time hence.
Babes vnborne, will hate and ſcorne,
ſuch as theſe:
Papiſts Of-ſpring, will for this thing,
finde ſmall eaſe.
God our keeper, is no ſleeper,
this is knowne:
But attend vs, and defend vs,
as his owne.
Diueliſh Treaſon, hath no reaſon,
night or day:
Proud ambition, makes ſedition,
euery way.
Their aſpiring, and their fyring,
comes from hell:
The vnkindenes, growes of blindenes,
moſte can tell.
Banckrout fellowes, blow the bellowes,
to Commotion:
And their backeſlide, muſt be couered,
with deuotion.
Romes Religion, pretty Pigion,
of the Pope:
Some would bring in, by this foule ſinne,
to haue ſcope.
And the Goſpell, which dooth expell,
all their droſſe:
With our Preachers, and Profeſſors,
they would croſſe.

These vilde rangers, would bring Strangers,
heere to raigne:
Or in all things, make themselues Kings,
by their gaine.
This performed, men well armed,
then should rise:
And cry kill, kill, all sortes still, still,
in strange wise.
Then to ryfling, without tryfling,
these would ronne:
Yea to spoyling, and defiling,
this Kingdome.
Thus were these bent, with full intent,
treacherously:
to blow vp all, and make much thraule,
suddenly.
Popish Preest-hood, neuer yet good,
prate and pray:
That their Popery, and their foppry,
might beare sway.
But their praying, for betraying,
King and State:
God and Angels, Saints and Virgins,
still doth hate.
All late Queenes time, this their foule crime, *Note.*
God put by:
And still saued his annointed,
wonderously.
Yet they seeke still, moe Kings to kill, *Looke the*
which doth growe: *Exact de-*
By their writing, and inditing, *claration*
which teach so. *Printed.*

 In Pe- *Anno.* 1605

Which they haue put vp vnto the King.

In Petitions, greate ſubmiſsions,
they doe offer:
And to facion tolleration,
much they proffer.
But denyed, this is ſpyed,
ſworde and fire,
Bloud and Murther, they will further,
and require.
Thus their knotting, and their plotting,
God doo h know:
And this vilde rout, he ſtill brings out,
to their woe.
Reade each ſtory, to Gods glory,
of theſe things:
Engliſh writings, haue Indightings,
for our Kinges.
In the meane time, let our hearts clime,
to the skie:
With all due praiſe, to God alwaies,
for ſafetie.
And our truſt is, that true iuſtice,
ſhall take place:
On offenders, and abetters,
in this caſe.
All our care then, is th at good men,
we may proone:
Serning God ſtill, dooing his will,
liue in Loue.
Preach now and pray, teach youth I ſay,
ſtill to knowe
How our good Lord, by his pure word,
keepes from woe.

Eighty-eight yeare, we in Gods feare, 1588.
may remember: 1600 }
Gowries Auguſt, *Percies* vniuſt, 1605. }
fift November.
Theſe thinges requires, Bels and Bonfires
on this day:
Muſicke full ſweet, now were moſt meete,
to ſhew ioy.
Louely feaſting, without waſting,
once a yeare:
Almes deedes giuing, with good liuing,
let appeare.
And take heede ſtill, that the ſelfe will,
of this twarme:
Growe not deſperate, to exaſperate,
ſome new harme.
Now for King, and Queene liuing,
let vs pray:
That Prince and Peeres, may Neſtors yeres,
time inioy.
Two young Babies, Princely Ladies,
of our King:
God that ſaued them, ſtill preſerue them,
in each thing.
All three Kingdomes, with their Earle-domes,
and true Paſtors:
God ſtand for vs, and defend vs,
from all Traytors.

Finis.

A forme of true Repentance, fit for Traytors

to ſing and vſe now, and al times while life is in them:
made in part by one of Babingtons Conſpiracye.
And may be ſung to the tune of the 25. Pſal.

MY prime of youthfull yeares,
is but a froſt of cares:
My crop of Corne is turned now,
into a field of tares.
The day is fled and gone,
yet ſaw I not the Sunne:
I ſeeme to liue, yea liue I doe,
and yet my life is done.

The Spring for me is paſt,
and yet it hath not ſprung:
My aged dayes are growing on,
and yet I am but young.
My thrid is cut in two,
and yet it is not ſpunne,
I ſeeme to liue, yea liue I doe,
and yet my life is done.

I ſought for mirth and ioy,
yet found I naught but paine:
My tree is dead, though leaues be greene,
and loſſe is all my gaine.
My glaſſe was ſet but late,
and yet the ſame is runne:
I ſeeme to liue, yea liue I doe,
and yet my life is done.

If Subiect I had bin,
as nought elſe could I be:
Then had I neuer heard or ſeene,
the ſorrowes now I ſee.
But I a Kingdome ſought,
or elſe a State-mans roome:
Wherefore I am moſt iuſtly brought,
aliue vnto my Tombe.

All men be rul'd by me,
leane not to *Papiſtrie*:
For ſure the ſame can not indure,
it workes ſuch treachery.
Ah woe to all that ſleepe,
or will be blinde at noone:
they ſeeme to liue, yea liue they doe,
and yet their life is done.

Lord Ieſus ſaue my ſoule,
thy mercy be my merrit:
Forgiue the ſinne that I am in
that heau'n I may inherrit.
O let me not beleeue,
of purgatory doome:
For then I ſhall but ſeeme to liue,
when this my life is done.

The Commons euery one,
whome wee ment to deſtroy:
And with Gun-powder to blow vp.
in ſecret ſuddainely:

Your

Your Prayers wee doe craue,
from Popes Pardon we runne:
In which a man may ſeeme to liue,
and yet his life is done.

Thus you ſhall ſhow your ſelues,
true Chriſtian men indeede:
though wee haue prou'd our ſelues to be,
of *Caine* and *Iudas* ſeede.
O Lord for Chriſt his ſake,
bring vs to thy kingdome:
Saue vs from hell, deſerued well,
when this ſhort life is done.

Our King, our Queene, and Prince,
the Royall Progeny:
The Counſell graue, God bleſſe and ſaue,
with the Nobilitie.
The Clergie of this Land,
confute all Ieſuites ſoone,
Who ſeeme to liue and make vs liue,
when yet our liues are done.

FINIS.

A Song

A ſong of praiſe and thankeſ-giuing to God for the Kings Maieſties raigne, with ſuch commendations of his *Highneſſe, as he well deſerueth.*

God ſaue King Iames, *and ſtill pull downe,*
All thoſe that would annoy his Crowne.

The Dittie.

WIth chearefull voice we ſing to thee,
O Lord accept our melodie:
For thou in mercie as we ſee,
Haſt dealt with vs moſt louingly.
In giuing vs a Royall King,
Whoſe fame in al the world doth ring.
God ſaue King Iames, &c.

In wiſdome like to *Salomon*,
his grace dooth ſit in Princely ſeate:
With ſword of Iuſtice in his hand,
to maintaine truth for ſmall and great,
He dooth ſucceede our *Heſter* ſhee:
who neuer will forgotten bee.
God ſaue King Iames, &c.

Like *Conſtantine* the Emperour,
he doth begin his royall raigne,
Whereat his foes are daunted much,
and ſeekes to him for grace amaine.
Lord make their peace to be in thee,
and then thrice happie ſhall we be.
God ſaue King Iames,&c.

Spaine, France, the Low-Countries,&c.

The Goſpel pure he dooth maintaine,
among vs preached as before:
Blind ignorance it ſhall not raigne,
as ſome did hope and threaten ſore.
Our Realme God hath eſtabiſhed,
and former feares from vs are fled.
God ſaue King Iames,&c.

Lift vp your hearts to God on hie,
and ſing with one conſent of minde:
Laude and praiſe to the *Trinitie*,
for our good King that is ſo kinde,
Let vs reioice in God alway:
that we haue ſeene this happie day.
God ſane King Iames,&c.

All Countries ioyne with vs in Loue,
to beat downe *Turke* and *Pope* apace:
The King and Counſels acts approue,
let vertue now all vice deface.
Amidſt all ioyes prepare to die,
that we may liue eternally.
God ſaue king Iames, and ſtil pull downe,
All thoſe that would annoy his Crowne.
Amen.

Another Song in commendations of the Kings moſt excellent Maieſty, to be ſung at any time, but chiefely on his Coronation day.

To the tune of any ordinary Pſalme.

Let men and Angells witneſſe beare,
of our vnfained ioy:
That we expreſſe with heart and tongue,
for our good King this day.

The Ditty or Song.

GReat *Brittaine*, pleaſant *Paradice*,
praiſe thou the Lord with mee:
And thanke him for his benefits,
that he beſtowes on thee.
But chiefly for his holy word,
and for our royall King:
The fame of whom in *Europe* wide,
All Chriſtians true will ſing.
Let men and Angels, &c.

In *Iuda*, and in *Iſrael*,
were Kings of noble fame:
Who did ſet vp Religion,

and nouriſhed the ſame.
Dauid, and *Salomon* his Sonne,
Ioſias, and the reſt,
Like whom our King began his raigne,
and ſhall with them be bleſt.
Let men and Angels, &c.

In *Egypt Saba* ruled well,
at *Troy Caſſandra* ſate:
At *Athens* did *Minerua* dwell,
Samoſe was *Iuno's* ſtate.
Sibella lay in *Cuma* faire,
in *Greece Penelope*:
And in this Realme King *Iames* doth raigne,
More famous then all they.
Let men and Angells, &c.

The *Muſes* nine and *Worthies* all,
the *Artes* and *Graces* ſeauen:
All theſe doe now agree in one,
in him to make their heauen.
Yea heauen and earth, with all good things,
doe fauour him we ſee:
The Lord therefore continue him,
in *Brittaine* long to be.
Let men and Angells, &c.

In theſe his daies, when he began
to weare the Crowne, and raigne:
God by his hand eſtabliſh'd vs,
and made vs glad and faine.
In theſe his daies, all feare began

to flie, and fall to ground:
And euery way our quiet ſtate,
began much to abound.
Let men and Angells, &c.

Wherefore as Iewes reioyced much,
when *Iubilies* drew neere,
As *Moſes* with the *Iſraelites*,
keept ſolemne Feaſts each yeere:
As *Heſter* eke with *Mardechai*,
did daies of *Purim* hold,
So let great *Brittaine* keepe this day,
and graue the ſame in gold.
Let men and Angells, &c.

Deut. 15. 1.
Exod. 15. 11.
Eſter 6.

Pray for the King, and his Of-ſpring,
all ſignes of ioy expreſſe,
For in one day, both griefe and ioy,
did wait on vs doubtleſſe:
A Chriſtian *Conſtantine* we haue,
Lord giue him length of daies,
To all his Kingdomes further bliſſe,
and Gods eternall praiſe.
Let men and Angells witneſſe beare,
of our vnfained ioy:
That we expreſſe with heart and tongue,
for our good King this day.

Viz. when the Q. died: and his Maieſtie was proclaimed.

The Contents of an Antheme, often Sung in the Royall Chappell of our late Queene Elizabeth, in any time of daunger, made in Anno Dom. 1588.

And may ſerue at all times for vs: which may be ſung to the tune of Pſal. 25.

DEliuer vs O Lord,
From all our foes that bee,
And eke defend al Chriſtian ſouls,
that put their truſt in thee.
Preſerue vs ſtill good Lord,
from all the wicked traine,
From ſuch as long and thirſt for blood,
and doſt thy truth diſdaine.

Our enemies be ſtrong,
thou Lord the ſame dooſt know:
Without offence on our parts done,
to them that ſeeke our woe.

Our

Our ſelues our cauſe, and all,
To thee we do commend:
From traps, from ſnares, & bloody hands
good Lord ſtill vs defend.

Our hope and helpe, O Lord,
in thee hath euer beene.
And thou according to thy word,
haſt let thy power be ſeene:
O Chriſt come end our ſtrife,
the cauſe is wholy thine,
Wherefore to thee for euermore,
we do our ſelues reſigne.

For thou art God alone,
As all our foes doe finde:
On land, and ſea, and euery way
By water, fire, and winde.
To thee be praiſe therefore,
Lord make vs thankfull ſtill:
And frame thou all our words & works,
according to thy will. *Amen.*

FINIS.

Some other Monu-

ments and Memorandums of Popery, (which, together with the Precedent Meeters) may well be intituled as fol-*loweth*;

The Smoke of *Enborne* in *Barkeſhire*, *Anno*. 1604.

The Sparkes of *Allenſ-more* in *Herefordſhire*. 1605.

And the Flames intended at the Parliament houſe. 1605.

All which, brake out of the fiery Coales, which burned, and was but, as it were raked, vp in the breaſts, boſomes, and hearts of Papiſts: till they perceiued that the Kings Maieſtie would not haue, allow of, nor tollerate a Muliſh, or Lincy-Wolſey Religion in *England*: and then their madneſſe did appeare: and this fire began to kindle, &c.

To

To the different, and indifferent Readers, I. R. wisheth grace and peace.

PErceyuing that these leaues going before, would containe too small a volume, I thought it conuenient to make some supplie: and remembring that I had the rayling Libell that Papists scattered in Enborne *Church in* Barkeshire, *togither with a Preface, and some part of the answere to the same, as also the summe and effect of the* Commotion *of Papists in* Herefordshire: *I thoght it good to fix them to these Meeters, knowing the certainty of the one by the printed Booke, put out thereof in prose by M.* Thomas Hamon, *&c. And of the other mentioned in part by good M.* Powell *in his Booke to the* Puritan Papist: *therefore I say, I haue beene the more willing to adde the same to the rest of my Booke, hoping of good acceptance for the same: seeing that I meane it for the instruction of the ignorant, and the recreation all sorts, and not otherwise.*

Yours in the Lord,

I. Rhodes, Visiter for the Citie.

The true Coppy of the railing Li-

bell, left, or caſt into the Church of *Enborne, in Barkeſhire, as I receiued* the ſame.

The ſuperſcription in Proſe.

To the Parſon of *Enborne*, giue this with ſpeede.

A poſt Script, vnder the ſuperſcription.

THe Carrier is paid already, as much as he looketh for, and ſo it ſhall coſt you nothing but the reading: and would you haue it better cheape?

The Title, or Inſcription.

TO the Heretical Parſou of Enborn, *due commendation, Wiſhing him Catholike mind, or elſe no ſaluation.*

The Lybell it ſelfe, after this manner of ryming.

NOw Ma. Parſon, for your welcome home,
Reade theſe few lines, you know not from (whom.

Of their Popiſh Croſſe.

HOld Croſſe for an outward token & ſigne,
And remembrance only, in Religion thine:
And of the profeſſion the people doe make,
For more then this coms too, thou doſt it not take,
Yet holy Church tels vs, of holy *Croſſe* much more,

Of

Of power and vertue, to heale ſicke and ſore,
Of holineſſe to bleſſe vs, and keepe vs from euill,
From foule feend to fend vs, & ſaue vs from diuell:
And of many miracles, which *Holy-Cros* hath wroght
Al which by tradition, to light, Church hath broght
Wherfore holy worſhip, holy-church doth it giue,
And ſure ſo will we, ſo long as we liue.
Though thou ſaiſt Idolatry and vilde ſuperſtition,
Yet we know it is Holy-Churches Tradition.
Holy-Croſſe then diſgrace not, but bring in renown,
For vp ſhall the Croſſe go, and you ſhall go down.

Who wrote and did this.

And now what we are, if any would know,
Catholikes we are, and ſo we will goe.

Of the booke of Common-prayer.

The Seruice booke heere, ſcartered all,
Is not diuine, but hereticall.

Of the Bible.

So is the Bible of falſe tranſlation,
To cut it and mangle it, is no damnation.

Of the Regiſter booke.

The Regiſter alſo, if ſo we doe ſerue,
We vſe it no otherwiſe then it doth deſerue.
For why ſhould new *Heretikes* be therein inrold?
Inrole good *Catholikes*, long dead of old:
Out with new *Heretiks*, hence let them goe,
Regiſter *Catholikes*, and regiſter no moe,
For *Catholikes* onely are worthy record,
And into Church Regiſter to be reſtor'd.

The Preface of the Anſwere to *the Romiſh Rime, and* railing Libell.

HOw now my maſters of the Popiſh crew? (new?
What! yet more Rymes, to blaze your armes a-
We thought that you had left theſe trifling toyes,
To be performed of Mad-men, Girles and Boyes,
And not that men of ſort, or of ripe age,
Would thus like Players come vpon the ſtage.
Members of holy Church, as you would bee,
Should hate ſuch ſports as things of baſe degree.
But Hogs and Dogs will wallow in the mire,
Eate their owne vomit, to fulfill deſire:
All carrion Crowes, & Kites will ſtoop to ground,
Yea, ſtrike on Dunghils where their prey is found.
But Eagles, they will mount and ſoare on hie,
Feed on the beſt things, pleaſing taſte and eye.
You know the meaning, therefore be aſham'd
In ſuch bad actions to be ſeene or nam'd.
Some of your friends and fauourites I know,
Abhorre this courſe, and would not haue it ſo.
When one like you did write of Popiſh Croſſe,
An other on your queſtions of like droſſe,
A Papiſt curſt: and ſaid, now fie for ſhame,
Theſe firſt rude Rimers, are moſt worthy blame,
And not the anſwerers prouok'd thereto,
By fooles on our ſide that ſuch things will doe.

Vnto low ebbe your Pop'ry sure is come,
When vp and downe in meeters it must runne:
Will Prose no longer serue your turnes indeede,
But that like Fidlers you must thus proceed?
Or must you wander now like Pedlers poore,
To sell your Romish wares from doore, to doore?
What, hath our learned men descri'd you so,
That like to corner-Creepers you must goe?
Are you become St. *Nicholas* Clarkes at last,
That walkes by Owle-light, when the day is past?
If Ballad-mongers trade you must professe,
Or like to Tinkers, seeke for worke by guesse:
If like to merry Beggars you will sing
From house, to house, then thinke vpon this thing.
The law for Vagrants will light on you,
And so some whipping cheere may well insue.
If Romish Church doe hatch such Birds as these,
Who will beleeue that she our Christ can please?
Some three years since, your questions put in rime,
Were answered all, according to the time.
Since then, we heard of no reply at all,
Nor yet of Popish Poets, great or small:
But now of late, one stole out of his denne,
And shamefully abuz'd both tongue and penne.
That is to say, at *Enborne* in *Barkeshire*,
They dealt, as if they would set all on fire, (hand,
The Church doore they brake open with strong
Which is plaine sacrilege in euery land.
They cut one Booke, and did dispraise the rest,
Scattering the leaues, to shew how they detest
Our bookes and vs, with all the power they haue:
Our Ministers and all things they depraue.

We seeke to bring them to the faith againe,
Which in Saint *Pauls* time did in them remaine:
But they abuse vs for our paines therein,
Accounting all we doe that way but sinne.
Wherefore we must lose time no longer so,
Nor suffer them that euer seekes our woe:
But euen deale roundly both with tongue and pen,
By force of law and what befits vs men.
And sith *Rome* is the Seate of *Antichrist*:
And euery day blasphemeth the most highest,
Sith she no longer is Christs spowse and wife,
But Harlot like, in Doctrine and in life.
Why should a Christian rest or stay on them?
But onely sticke to Christ like Christian men.
The *Protestants* they say doe hurt them sore,
The *Puritanes* they thinke will plague them more:
If these agree, (as by Gods helpe they shall)
Then reason tels them Poperie soone shall fall.
But leauing these things to Authoritie,
Vnto the Popes Rimers words come I,
Which shall haue answere as they do deserue:
And from their own words I meane not to swarue.
Forget I may not yet to tell thee plaine,
What lame-leg'd Meeters, here I find amaine,
Which like the Author euerie where doth hault,
As *Vulcan* doth, but I will not find fault.
Let this suffice for Preface to this Rime,
Which to the wise mans censure I resigne.

FINIS.

To the Reader.

HEere good Reader, I am driuen to leaue off for lacke of time to finiſh the reſt, before the firſt execution of Traytours: but you ſhall haue the reſt with the ſecond part of this Booke, which ſhall ſhortly be printed. In the meane time, I pray thee to haue patience for this ſtay, as alſo for any fault that eſcaped the printing, and when my ſecond part of this booke comes forth, thou ſhalt haue my anſwer to this railing Libell, and the matter of Herefordſhire. *In the meane time, I craue both thy prayers for me, and thy patience towards me and the Printer, as is aboue ſaid: for we meane to make a mends, if God will.*

Thine in the Lord Ieſus,

Iohn Rhodes, Miniſter.

To the Read

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